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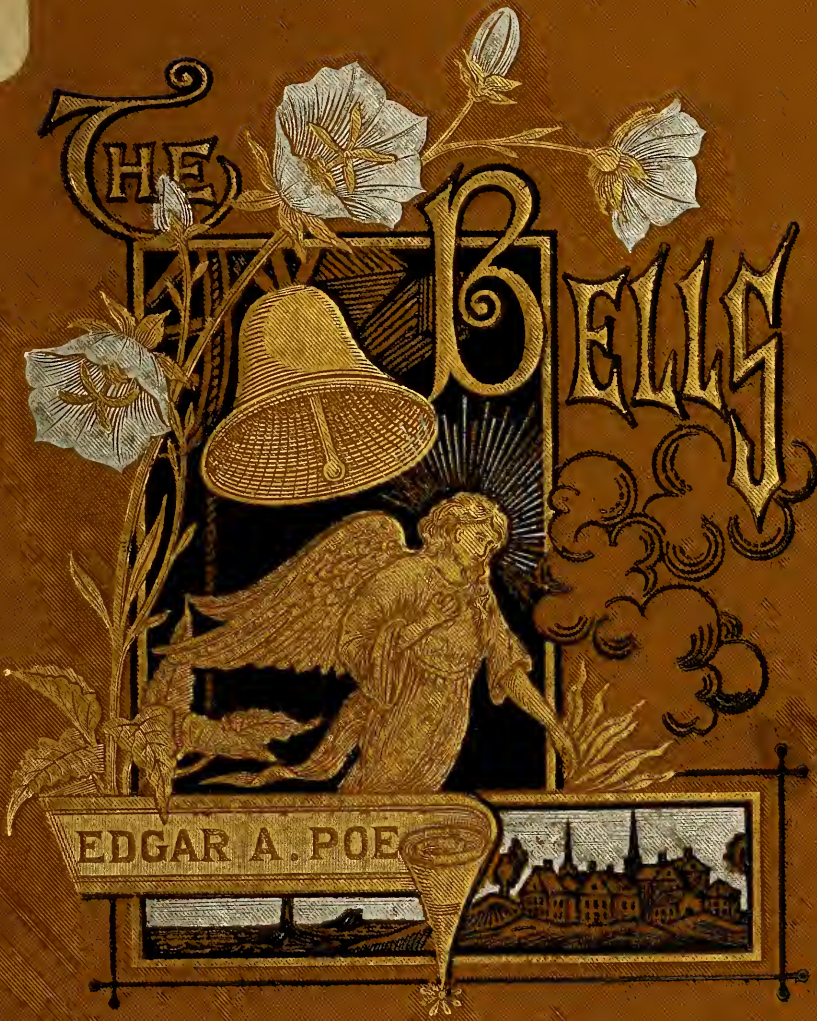
1881

THE BELLS



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The Bells
By Edgar A Poe

THE BELLS.

BY

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

ILLUSTRATED BY

DARLEY, McCUTCHEON, FREDERICKS, PERKINS,
KING, RIORDAN AND NORTHAM.

PORTER & COATES,
PHILADELPHIA.

(1881)

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

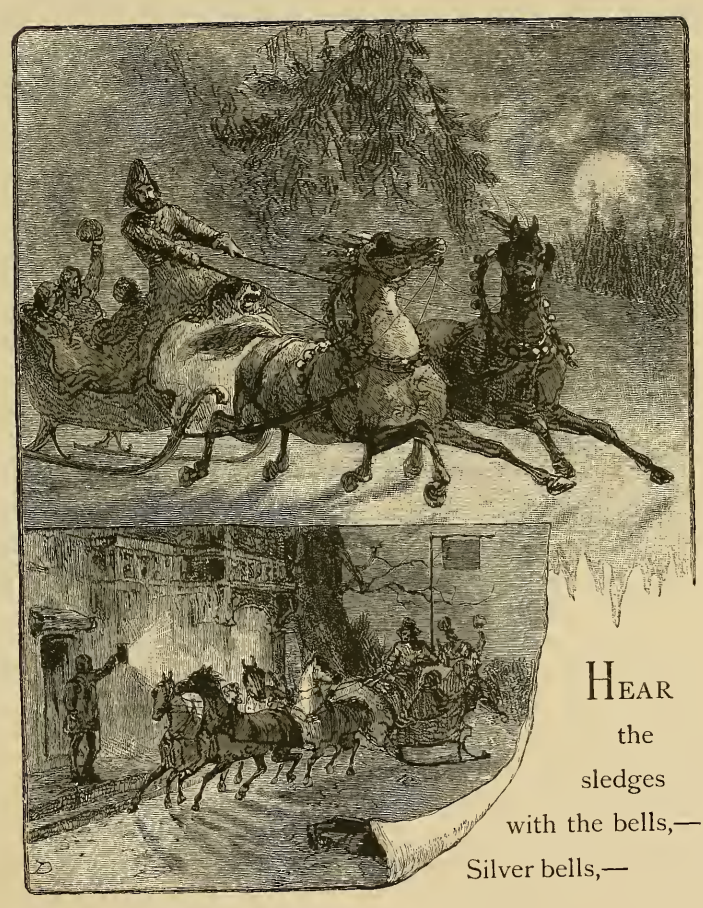
ENGRAVED BY JAS. W. LAUDERBACH.

	ARTIST.
Illustrated Title	*R. Riordan.*
Head-piece	*Charles P. King.*
Vignette	*Charles P. King.*
"Hear the sledges with the bells" . .	*F. O. C. Darley.*
"What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"	*S. G. McCutcheon.*
"How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle" . .	*A. Fredericks.*
"Hear the mellow wedding-bells" . .	*F. O. C. Darley.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

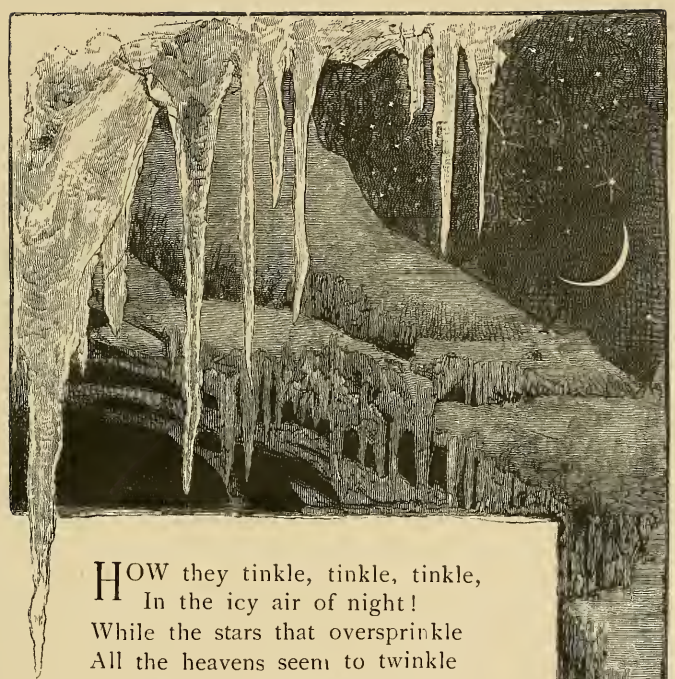
	Artist.
"Golden bells!"	*Charles P. King.*
"From the molten-golden notes" .	*F. O. C. Darley.*
"Oh, from out the sounding cells" .	*R. Riordan.*
"To the swinging and the ringing" .	*A. Fredericks.*
"Hear the loud alarum-bells" . .	*Granville Perkins.*
"How they scream out their affright!"	*R. Riordan.*
"In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire"	*F. O. C. Darley.*
"In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire" . . .	*Granville Perkins.*
"Oh, the bells, bells, bells!" . . .	*Granville Perkins.*
"Yet the ear it fully knows" . .	*Granville Perkins.*
"Hear the tolling of the bells" . .	*F. O. C. Darley.*
"In the silence of the night" . .	*Miss C. A. Northam.*
"And the people,—ah, the people" .	*Granville Perkins.*
"And their king it is who tolls" .	*A. Fredericks.*
Tail-piece	*Charles P. King.*

THE BELLS



HEAR
the
sledges
with the bells,—
Silver bells,—

WHAT a world of merriment their melody foretells!



HOW they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

HEAR the mellow wedding-bells,—

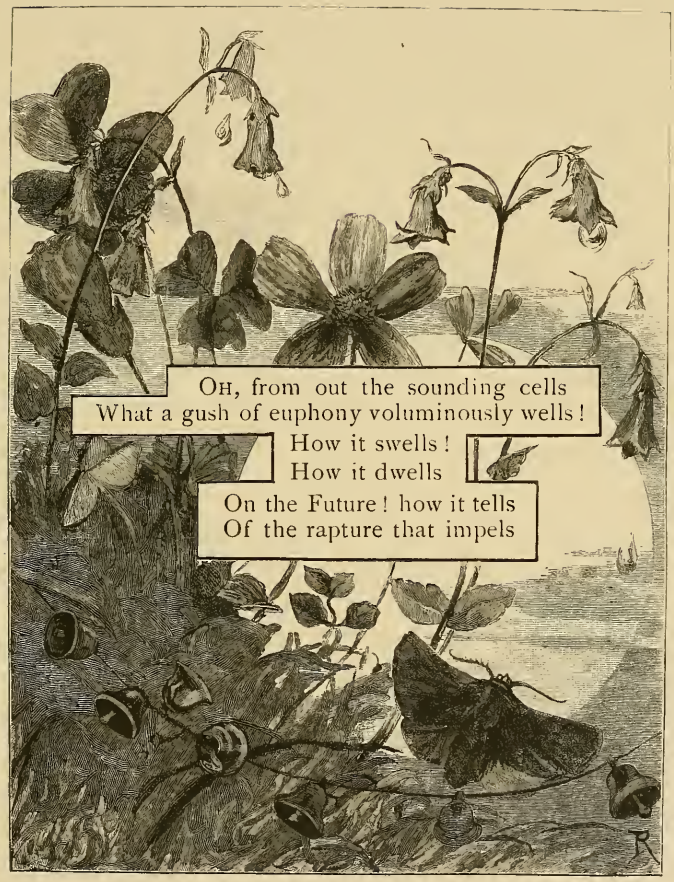
GOLDEN bells!

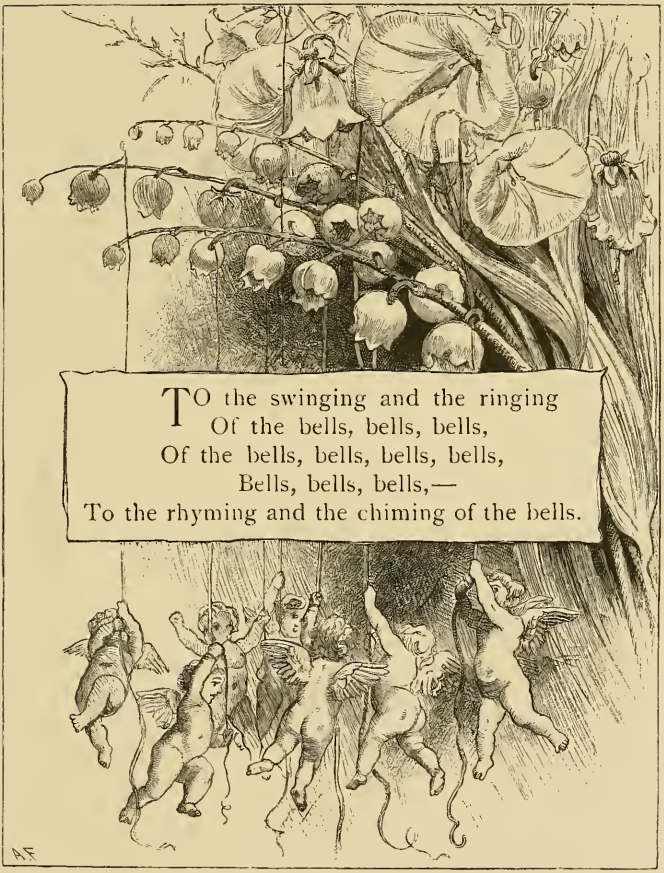
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

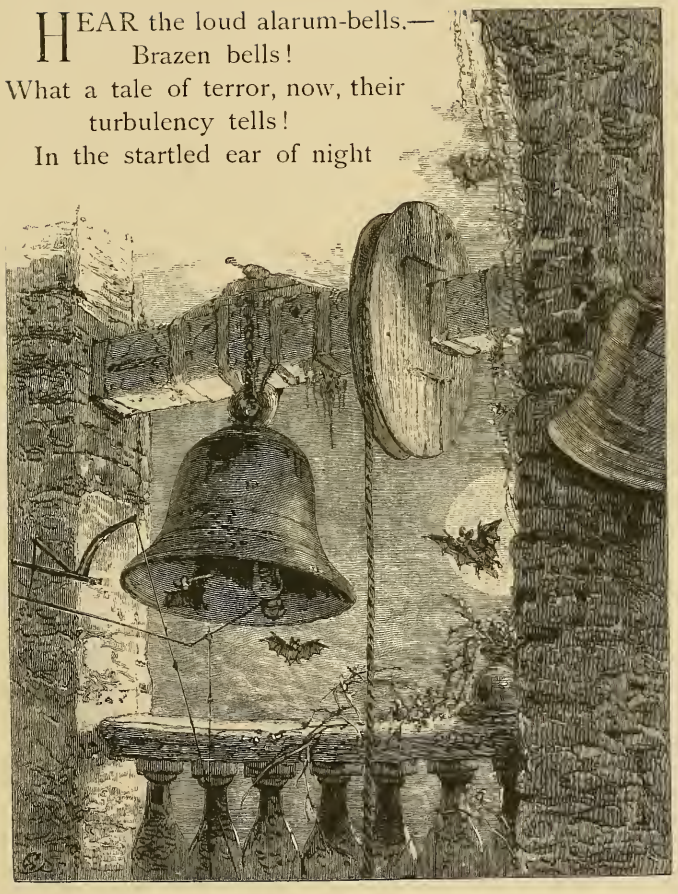
How they ring out their delight!

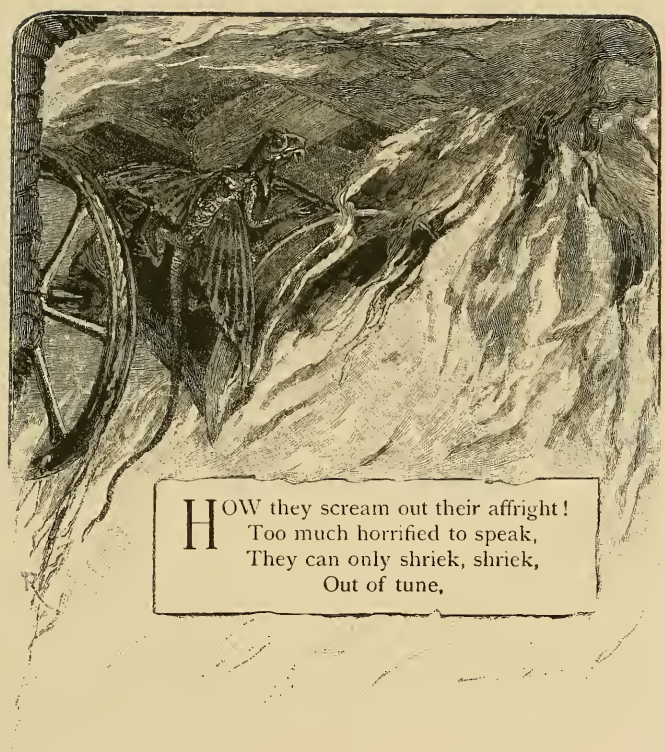
FROM the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!


Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels


TO the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.
A.F.

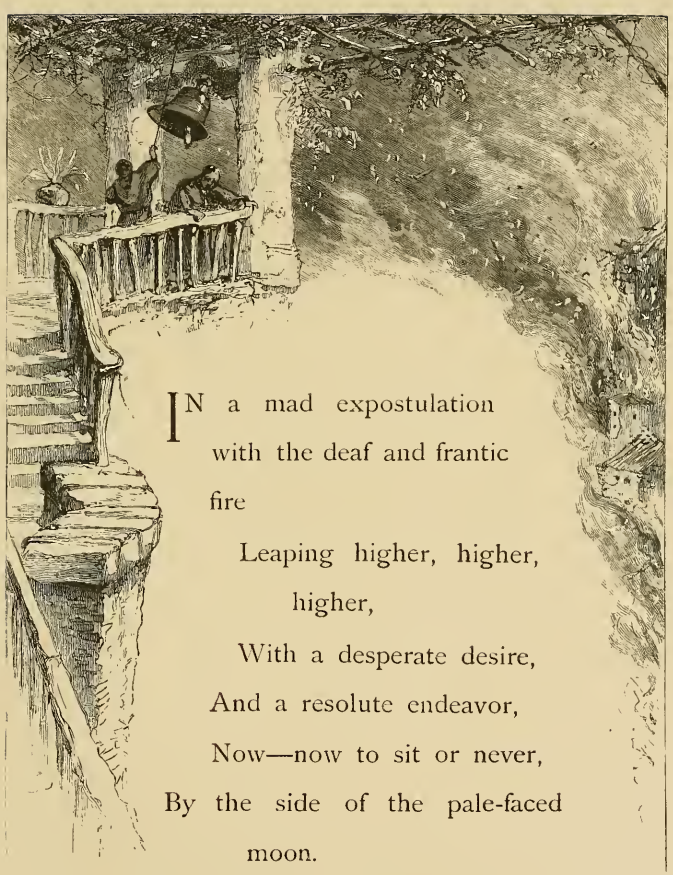
HEAR the loud alarum-bells.—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their
turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night



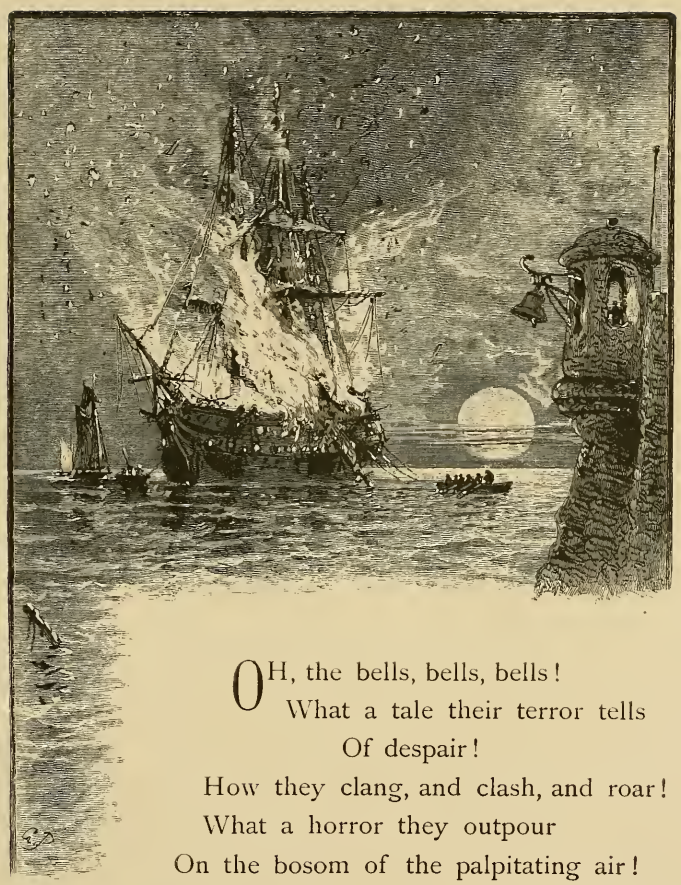


HOW they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

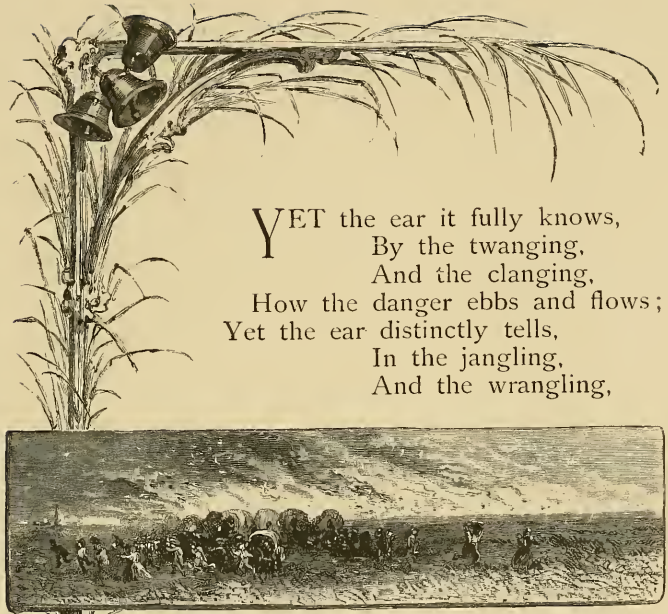
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,



IN a mad expostulation
with the deaf and frantic
fire
Leaping higher, higher,
higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced
moon.



OH, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!

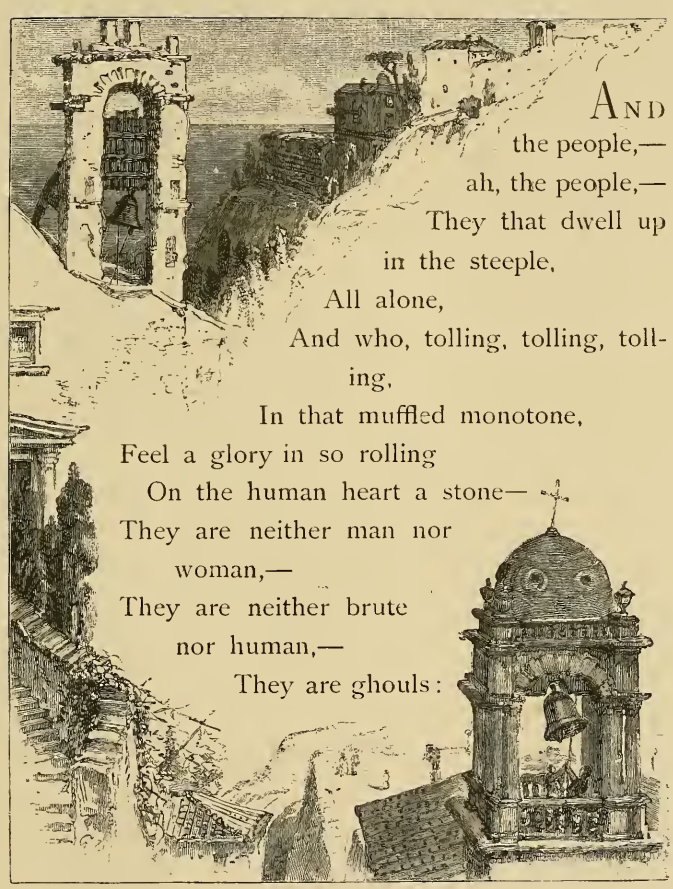


YET the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,

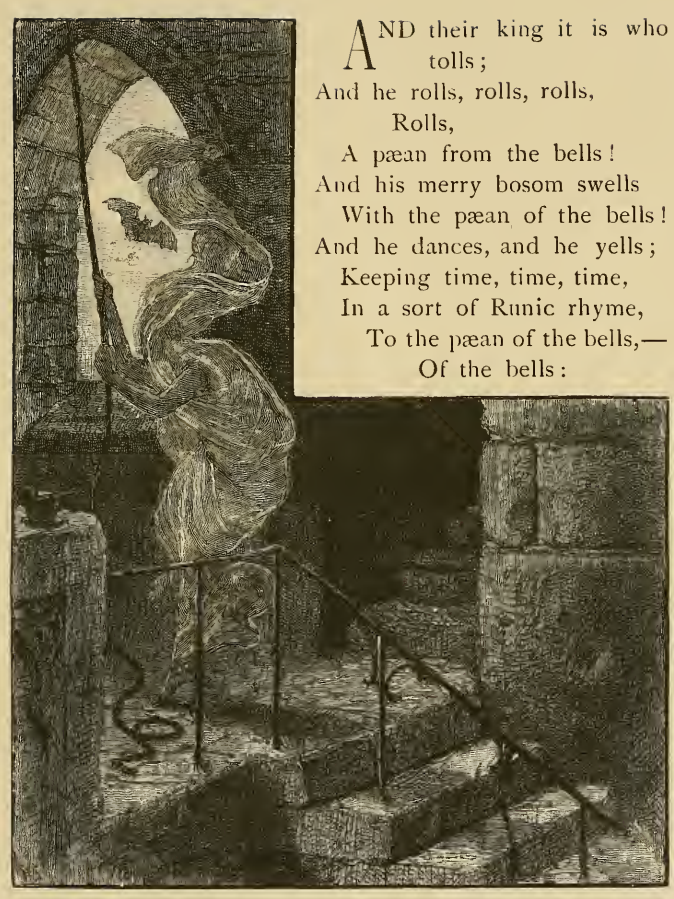
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the
anger of the bells,—
Of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
In the clamor and the
clangor of the
bells!

HEAR the tolling of the bells,—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody
compels!

IN the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone;
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

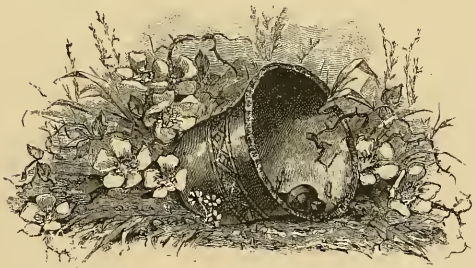


And
the people,—
ah, the people,—
They that dwell up
in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor
woman,—
They are neither brute
nor human,—
They are ghouls:



AND their king it is who
tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,—
Of the bells:

KEEPING time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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